

**MARVEL®**  
No 76 40p

# THE REAL

25th Nov 89

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# GHOSTBUSTERS™

**FREE  
COMIC  
INSIDE!**



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**U**p, up and away... Ray's taking ECTO-2 out for a spin in the sensational seventy-sixth issue of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** When things start disappearing in New York, it's Ray Stantz who is volunteered to seek them out. Will he ever learn to avoid the directionless void, though?

Whilst we're on the subject of brilliant stories, **Ghouldini** is the After-worlds escapologist, and he's terrifying the locals who frequent the Bavarian Bar and Grill. There'll be no escape for him, though, when the **Real Ghostbusters** arrive on the scene.

There's more fiendish fun in the form of **Unbustable!** and **Spooky Seeds!** and Winston has to confront a spooky staircase that's gone a bit off the rails in **Stairway to Spookiness!** Plus all your usual fantastic features, so get reading!

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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDEMORE

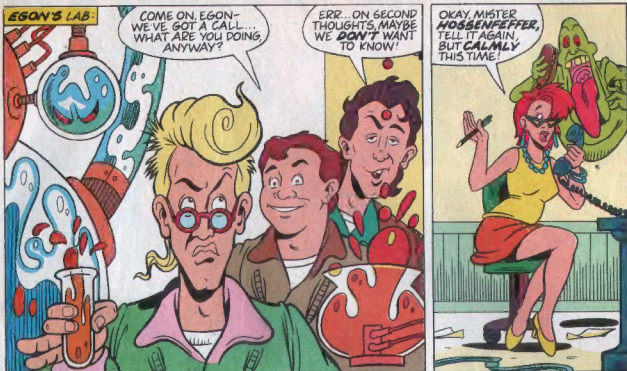


JANINE  
MELNITZ



SLIMER

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





I CANNOT BELIEVE I AM WASTING A WHOLE EVENING IN THIS UNSALUBRIOUS ESTABLISHMENT, PETER!

LIGHTEN UP, MAN, SOME PEOPLE HANG OUT IN BARS LIKE THIS FOR PLEASURE!



# LET ME OUT LET ME OUT

YIKES!

THAT'S IT! THAT'S NOT FRIGHTENING AWAY MEIN CUSTOMERS IS!



THE SOUNDS CAME FROM THE WATERFRONT!



HMM. A DEFINITE PKE \* READING, BUT THE SOURCE HAS VANISHED...

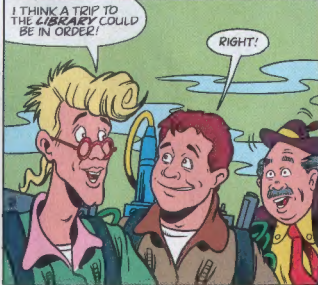
GREAT! AT LAST WE GET SOME ACTION!

\*PSYCHO KINETIC ENERGY.

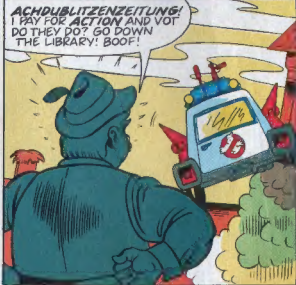


I THINK A TRIP TO THE LIBRARY COULD BE IN ORDER!

RIGHT!



ACHDUBLITZENZEITUNG! I PAY FOR ACTION AND NOT DO THEY DO? GO DOWN THE LIBRARY! BOOF!



AT THE LIBRARY...



I'VE FOUND IT!

DIPPY DOG MEETS THE KING BUNNY! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS FOR AGES!



I THINK THIS MAY PROVE OF MORE INTEREST TO US, RAY!

LATER...

ACCORDING TO THIS BOOK, THIS WATERFRONT IS THE SCENE OF THE FINAL AND FATAL TRICK OF THE FAMOUS ESCAPOLOGIST, GHOUPLINI...



AND THIS TIME I AM WANTING SOME SPECIAL EFFECTS!

HE WAS DROPPED INTO THE WATER, TIED UP IN A SAFE... BUT HE NEVER EMERGED!



IT'S UN-BELIEVABLE! YOU MEAN HE COULD STILL LIKE, BE DOWN THERE?

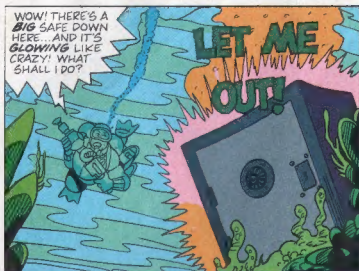
LET ME OUT LET ME OUT



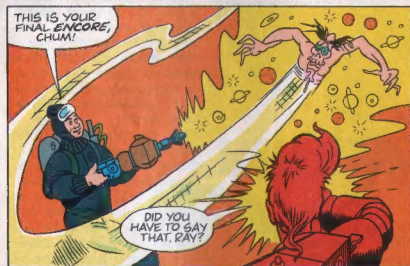
I THINK IT'S A DEFINITE POSSIBILITY, WINSTON!



TIME FOR YOUR DIP, RAY- GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE PIRANHAS!







# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT GUIDE

As you are now well aware, our dimension of the Mortal Plane is but one of many interlocking dimensions that are separated by tissue thin barriers of occult force, through which the supernatural travel at will and pay us regular visits. These random excursions from one dimension to the next have caused many holes to appear in the inter-dimensional barriers (being as they are tissue thin, and therefore vulnerable to attack by anything stronger than, say, a wet Q-tip). Jack Wermis, amateur spook-sleuth and much published occultist, recently pointed out that the whole fabric of Space/Time must resemble a Swiss Cheese by now, as it is so riddled with holes. Agnes Wahltrap, of *Spook!* magazine countered by saying it probably resembled an *Emmental* cheese. Rudi Spatz of Harvard then remarked that *Emmental* was a Swiss Cheese and this rather made Ms Wahltrap's comment as pointless as a broken pencil. Ms Wahltrap then explained that in her opinion, Mr Spatz ought to exit the argument faster than something unmentionable off a shiny shovel, and provided useful diagrams to back up her suggestion. This highly complex theoretical debate will no doubt continue for some time. The point is that the fabric of Space/Time, be it as wholly holey as *Emmental*,



### PART 76

or Ray's socks (which has more than the holes in common with Swiss Cheese), is definitely in a shabby state of repair. If you've ever worked in a place that has those double-action sprung swing-doors in it, you'll know that once in a while, the spring-loading gives up the ghost (no pun intended) and bounces you back the wrong way. When this happens, as you know, they send for a little caretaker man, who trundles in and spends all day repairing them. Well, I say repairing them. He spends seventy percent of the day chatting to you about the state of the country and the result of Saturday's match, twenty per cent of the day at lunch and the rest fiddling in the hinges with the end of a

pipe cleaner. I'm straying from the point. The 'swing doors' in and out of the Supercosmos are playing up at the moment, bouncing people the wrong way and generally flapping about for no good reason. This is causing a great number of Dimensional Flux - like massive supernatural vacuum cleaners that suck in individuals and spit them out somewhere entirely unexpected.

Only the other week, John Nesbit, travelling overnight from Boston to New York, found himself in Vancouver, but this may have had a lot more to do with the fact that the pot noodle he was eating was the same shade of red as the freeways on his survey map, than to the vagaries of the Dimension Flux. Dimensional Flux is however being blamed for a great number of disappearances. Jack Wermis says it's caused the sinking of Atlantis and the Bermuda Triangle. Rudy Spatz blames it for the Isosceles Triangle, the Eternal Triangle and the Cheese Spread Triangle. Agnes Wahltrap holds it responsible for the disappearance of Sherbet Dib Dabs and Penny Chews, but, as Spatz and Wermis recently pointed out, Ms Wahltrap is about as perceptive as a deaf and blind slow-worm hibernating at the bottom of a Pacific trench in a block of industrial concrete.



Q. WHAT GOES SPLASH  
SPLASH, SPLASH, SPLASH, SPLASH,  
SPLASH, SPLASH, SPLASH?

A. AN OCTOPUS TAP DANCING  
IN YOUR 'KNORR MYSTERIES  
OF THE DEEP' SOUP.



Lurking at the bottom of every tasty bowl of 'Knorr Mysteries of the Deep' soup are exciting coloured pasta shapes for you to discover. Octopuses, sharks, skull and crossbones....

Dive into your favourite flavours, chicken, tomato or vegetable. Who knows what else is lurking for you down there?



**Knorr** Mysteries of the Deep' soup. Eat or be eaten.

# DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and  
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



ne tale of terror was born in the early 1920's. A certain stretch of road on Dartmoor in Devon became the setting for a series of horrifying incidents that simply cannot be explained by the scientific, or logical. They started on a relatively small scale – pony traps were overturned, horses shied and bolted, and a cyclist crashed into a wall after feeling his handlebars being wrenched from his grasp. Subsequent occurrences were even more frightening and bizarre. One night, a doctor was travelling along the road with his two children in the sidecar of his motorbike. All three were nearly killed when the engine literally detached itself from the bike.

Then, one day, the entity decided to put in an

appearance – and it was then that its full horror became apparent. An army officer claimed that a huge pair of hairy hands had covered his own and taken over the steering wheel of his vehicle. In 1921, the local authority actually decided the situation had become grave enough to warrant digging up the road and re-laying it. But to no avail. Soon after, a young couple on holiday in their caravan, decided to park in a lay-by for the night, as a heavy fog had formed. The woman hadn't been asleep long, when she was awoken by an odd scratching noise outside. To her absolute horror she realized suddenly that the noise was not coming from outside after all, and looked towards the window above her sleeping husband. There, crawling across the glass on the inside, was an enormous

pair of hairy hands! Since then, there have been various hoax sightings of the hands. But a few cannot be ignored. One in particular is enough to send shivers down your spine. Florence Warwick, a twenty-eight year old holiday maker, was parked at the side of the road; her car had started to judder, and she had pulled over to look at the handbook. Suddenly, she had a terrible feeling that she was being watched, and looked up to see the disembodied hands crawling across her windscreen.

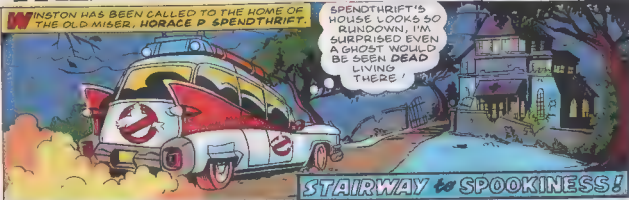
After nearly 70 years of bizarre accidents, who can say that the hands do not exist? There can be no doubt that there is something strange going on in Dartmoor, and it cannot be dismissed by the sceptics.



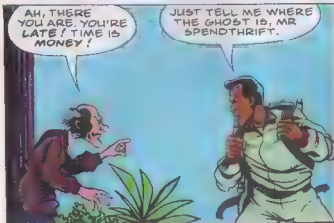
# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

WINSTON HAS BEEN CALLED TO THE HOME OF THE OLD MISER, HORACE P. SPENDTHRIFT.

SPENDTHRIFT'S HOUSE LOOKS SO RUNDOWN, I'M SURPRISED EVEN A GHOST WOULD BE SEEN DEAD LIVING THERE!

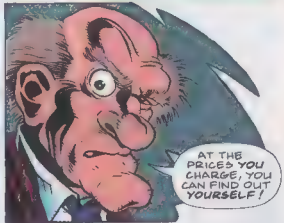


STAIRWAY TO SPOOKINESS!



AH, THERE YOU ARE, YOU'RE LATE! TIME IS MONEY!

JUST TELL ME WHERE THE GHOST IS, MR SPENDTHRIFT.



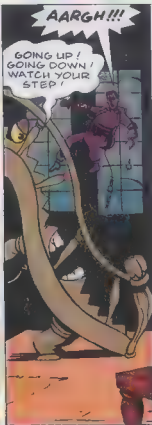
AT THE PRICE YOU CHARGE, YOU CAN FIND OUT YOURSELF!



THE PKE METER'S GOING CRAZY. THE GHOST MUST BE CLOSE BY. IS IT UPSTAIRS OR...

CREAK! CREAK!

PSYCHIC KINETIC ENERGY



AARGH!!!

GOING UP! GOING DOWN! WATCH YOUR STEP!



THIS JOB GETS WEIRDER. A TALKING STAIRCASE!

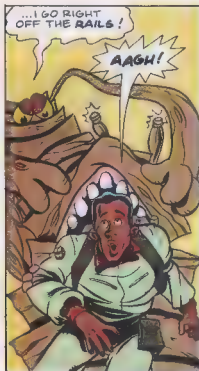
WHO ARE YOU STAIRING AT?



STOP ACTING LIKE THIS YOU HEADCASE STAIRCASE, OR I'LL HAVE TO BUST YOU!

IS THAT SO, YOU FLAT-FOOTED OAF? WELL, TALK LIKE THAT MAKES ME MAD...AND WHEN I GET MAD.





...I GO RIGHT OFF THE RAILS!

AAGH!



LET GO OF ME, YOU BARMY BANISTER! I WON'T HARM YOU IF YOU TELL ME WHY YOU'RE SO UPSET

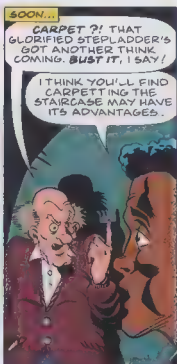


IT'S SPENDTHRIFT. I'M FED UP WITH HIM WALKING ALL OVER ME. MY JOISTS ACHE, JUST LOOK AT MY BOARDS THEY'RE SO BARE!



CREAKY SOB!  
CREAKY SOB!

YOU'D BETTER STOP THAT OR YOU'LL GET RISING DAMP. BESIDES, I THINK I HAVE THE ANSWER



SOON...

CARPET?! THAT GLORIFIED STEPLADDER'S GOT ANOTHER THING COMING. BUST IT, I SAY!

I THINK YOU'LL FIND CARPETTING THE STAIRCASE MAY HAVE ITS ADVANTAGES.

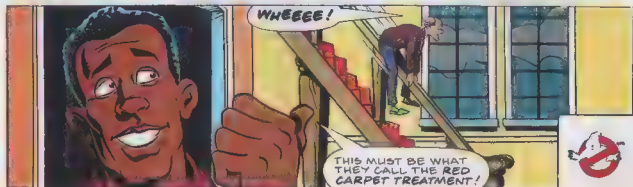


A FEW DAYS LATER...

HOW ARE YOU ALL DOING?

LOOK AT MY LOVELY NEW CARPET. IT'S A GENUINE AXMINSTER. I'M SO HAPPY!

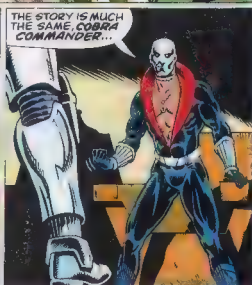
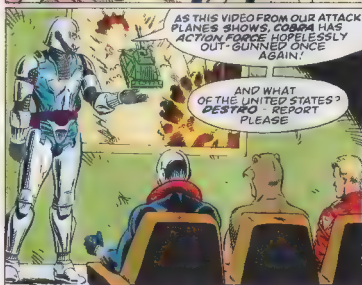
WHEEEE! I'M PLEASED I FOLLOWED YOUR STEPS, WINSTON



WHEEEE!

THIS MUST BE WHAT THEY CALL THE RED CARPET TREATMENT!





Script  
**DAN ABNETT**



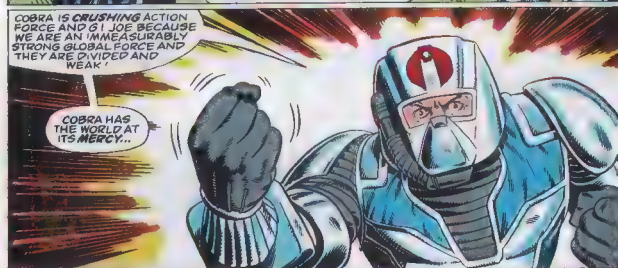
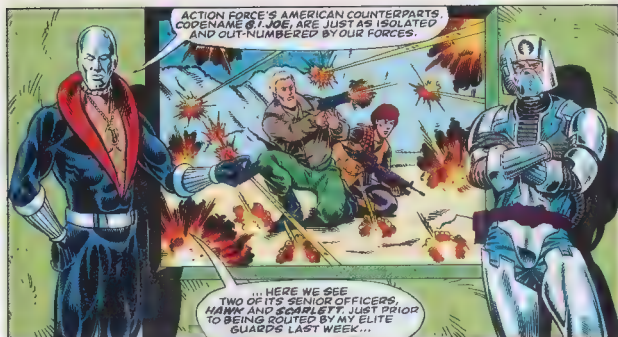
Art  
**STEWART JOHNSON**



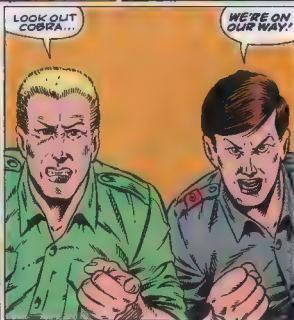
Colours  
**RUAN PETERS**



Letters  
**REL**









# TRANS-ATLANTIC TREATY

*I, the undersigned,  
hereby salute the flags of the United Kingdom  
and the United States of America  
and swear loyalty to the joining forces of  
G.I. JOE and ACTION FORCE*

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

CODENAME \_\_\_\_\_

*There are no obstacles too great.  
G.I. JOE the ACTION FORCE will continue  
to stride ahead to defeat COBRA the enemy  
and ensure good reigns over evil.*

*Hawk*

**Brigadier General  
James M. Abernathy**

*F. Flint*

**Warrant Officer  
David R. Faireborn**

Please sign the Treaty above as a statement of your continued loyalty to G.I. Joe the Action Force, and to prove you have witnessed this exciting event, why not cut it out and pin it up in your Action Force Headquarters

To register your support with us here at Headquarters, please complete the details below. Cut out the coupon and send it to:

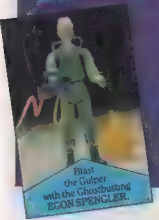
Action Force/G.I. Joe H.Q.  
P.O. Box 26  
Wallingford Oxon OX10 0EE

We can then keep you in touch with any Special Offers available.

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FLY DOWN TO ASDA FOR



Original Series, Animated Series, and more!  
 Now you can have your own Ghostbusting fun with the new Ghostbusting Hummer!  
 With 1000 cc engine, 4 wheel drive, and more!

**ASDA**

\*All products subject to availability.

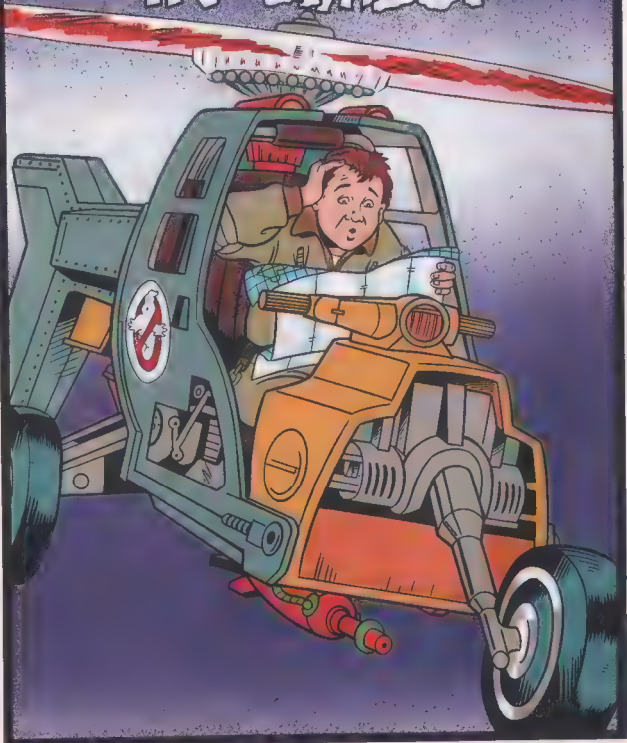
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# LUNCHTIME IN LIMBO!



Story **DAN ABNETT** ☉ Art **BRIAN WILLIAMSON** and **DAVE HARWOOD**

**Ray's hungry! He's lost, he's in a directionless void! Will the biscuits last until he either finds a way out, or locates a nearby eaterie!**

If Ray ever arrived a little late for lunch at his favourite deli (Bernie's Big Beefie Brasserie – eat all you can for three dollars, coffee extra) they tended to be right out of pastrami or curried pasta salad, and that was sure to ruin his day, because there's nothing worse than finding there isn't any more of your favourite sandwich filling.

It was a bit of a shock, therefore, when Ray turned up one Tuesday to find that he was so late there wasn't even any more of his favourite sandwich bar. Bernie's had vanished into thin air, leaving an empty lot and a queue of rather surprised and hungry customers. This all seemed to Ray to be something that needed a bit of investigation, so he went back to HQ to consult the others. Peter, Egon and Winston were all crowded in front of the TV, watching news report after news report of things disappearing all over the city: shops, buses, trees, bridges, pizzas etc. Egon had a theory. Using readings he'd obtained from vacant bus stops, fallen leaves and stray olives, he'd worked out there was a powerful dimensional flux striking areas of New York at random, and whisking off bits and pieces into another ... place. "Place?" asked the others, "can't you think of a better word than 'place'?"

Egon said that he was afraid he couldn't. Any other word would have been too specific, and frankly he didn't know what was on the other side of the flux gateway.

What the Ghostbusters had to do, Egon advised, was take up a package of sensitive instruments in ECTO-2, and take clear readings of the city from which a better idea of the flux's size and power could be deduced. Peter said that was okay, Egon *could* borrow his Sunburst Humbucker phase-effect custom six string electric guitar, as long as he

promised not to damage it in any way as it was particularly 'sensitive'. Egon told Peter that the Sunburst was not quite the sort of 'sensitive instrument' he had been meaning. Ray, for his part, helped Winston to his feet, as the latter was writhing on the carpet in hysterical laughter, pointing at Peter and repeating 'He meant it! He really meant it! Once they'd all calmed Winston down, and persuaded Peter it really wasn't worth sulking about, Egon and Ray assembled the instrument package and strapped it onto the landing gear of ECTO-2. Outside it was beginning to rain and a storm was clearly falling over the city. "We need a volunteer" said Egon. Ten minutes later, Ray was volunteered and airborne, the powerful rotors of Ecto-2 lifting him clear of the grimy city to the open sky where there was nothing at all to get in his way, spoil the view or shield him from the freezing, driving rain. "Circle round at five thousand feet and then head West," said Egon over the radio from the nice warm HQ. "Start your scanning."

Ray threw a few switches and the instrument package began to do all those things an instrument package gets to do. Bleep, tweep, whirr and yib yib yib. That sort of thing.

As he headed west, Ray realised he was still hungry (he never had got his teeth into that pastrami sandwich). He found some stale Cheddar biscuits in the glove box, but they weren't going to keep the wolf from the door forever. Sooner or later, he'd have to let it out.

As he pondered the subject of hunger and malnutrition a little more Ray realised a few things. 1) It wasn't raining on him anymore. 2) He could no longer hear Egon wittering away with "Turn North North-West and increase the cycles to one over ninety three..." 3) He could see Bernie's deli just up ahead.



Looking down, Ray saw nothing at all. The view above and to all sides was pretty much the same. The only things in sight were Bernie's deli, a bus, a few trees, a bridge and a large crowd of people grouped about a mile ahead of him and six hundred feet lower. The odd pizza scattered about the place. Funny that, mused Ray. A guy turns away for two minutes while he gets a few Cheddar biscuits from the glove box and what do you know? He flies straight through a dimensional flux and into a limbo-like nether region of directionless voids. I wonder if Bernie's got any curried Pasta salad left?

Ray landed and strolled over to the deli. A crowd of people, who a few hours before had been eating lunch, crossing the bridge, riding on the bus or hiding up a tree, were lounging about eating doughnuts and pizza. A few of them waved to Ray. Ray wandered up to the bar and smiled at Bernie.

"Yo, Mr Stantz, how are youz today?" inquired Bernie.

"Fine, Bernie. How's tricks?"

"So-so. Weather's pretty good considering this is Limbo, don't you think? What'll it be?"

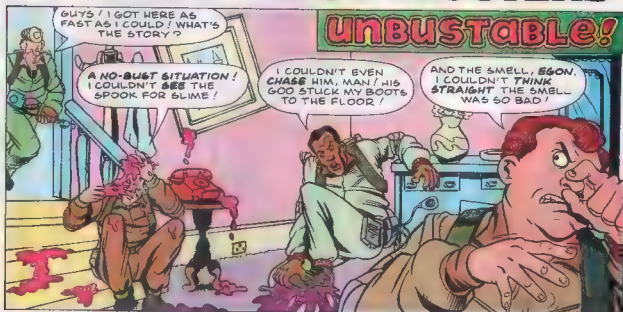
"Hash brownies, eggs easy over, sausage, ham, tomatoes, milk shake and a coffee."

"Coming right up" said Bernie, and as he turned away, Ray's radio unit beeped at him. Ray thumbed it on to hear this: "Ray Stantz. This is Egon Spengler. I don't know if you can hear me. We have isolated the flux core using the information you gathered and are now arranging to drain a few thousand mega-watts of power from the national grid to knock out the flux and free you all. Don't worry. Repeat don't worry. Don't allow anyone to panic and please stay calm. You will all be free in an hour or so."

"Me?" said Ray. "Panic? I'm in heaven."



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PERHAPS...IF I HADN'T  
HAD THE FORESIGHT  
TO COAT MY BOOTS  
IN A SPECIAL  
ANTI-ECTOPLASM  
FORMULA.

SHLUP!

IMPRESSIVE...MOST IMPRESSIVE!  
BUT SURELY THE INFERNAL STENCH  
IN HERE WILL OVERPOWER YOU IN  
A MOMENT!

POSSIBLY, IF THE  
SMELL DIDN'T  
REMIND ME SO  
MUCH OF  
NOXIOUS  
BUNDOLINGUS,  
A FUNGI OF  
WHICH I AM  
PARTICULARLY  
FOND.

FINE! BUT YOU  
CAN'T BLAST  
WHAT YOU  
CAN'T SEE!

NO PROBLEM!

WIPE!

WIPE!

YOU'RE  
HISTORY!

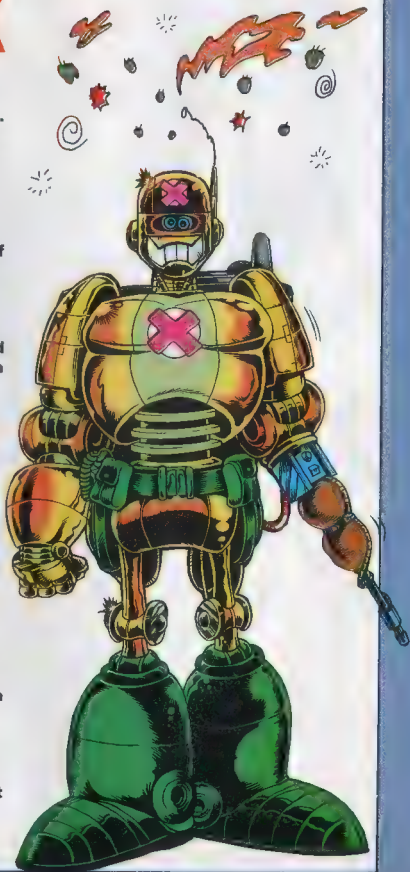
HEY, IT'S A  
FAIR COP!



# ECTO-X

**ECTO-X:** the perfect Ghostbusting machine! Or was he? Well, in a word, no. This was basically because, like all pieces of machinery, ECTO-X was highly susceptible to being possessed by passing demons and spooks. This is precisely what happened, of course. He went from being the role model of robotic efficiency to a relentless rust-bucket of pure evil and destruction! It has been said that the more complicated a piece of machinery is, the more there is that can go wrong with it. The same could be said of ECTO-X. His built-in Trap, PKE meter and Sniffer, his Spectro-Visor Unit, his Ion Particle Flux Capacitator with attached Proton Gun, or Rapid-Fire Ecto-splat Gun, and the fact that he was powered by a Nuclear Accelerator all probably had something to do with this.

Anyway, he was certainly possessed by a particularly savage Matrix Demon, which had obvious pleasure in making light of the robot's memory circuits. Thus, Egon was compelled to conclude of his invention: if you want something done properly, you have to do it yourself!







# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London WC2



What do you call a spider with no legs?  
A currant!  
— Sam, Manchester

What do ghosts wear in the rain?  
A caghou!  
— Nicholas Lown, Grimsby

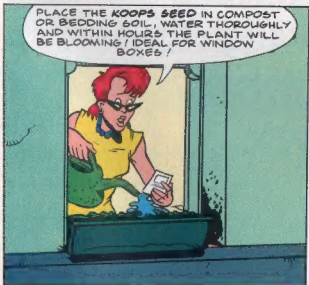
What did Spiderman's children say to him?  
Hello daddy long legs!  
— Keith Hobson, Bexhill-on-Sea

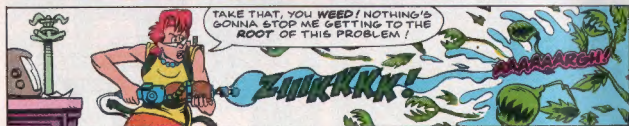
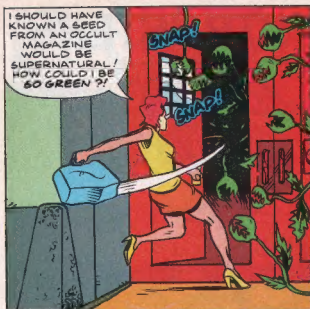
Why did the young astronaut keep a loaf of bread in his comic?  
Because he liked crummy jokes!  
— Andrew Davies, Dearnley

Why did the skeleton go to the chinese restaurant?  
To get some spare ribs!  
— Jamie Paul, Grimsby

What do dogs play at discos?  
Pup music!  
— Alan Mason, Cheshire

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™









Look out! It's the ...



# MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST



Titles on sale now

■ **THE BOG PAPER 4** Loo's yourself in our brilliant new release. Here's the run-down on a few engaging characters: There's **Flush Gordon** the sewer-lurking "Superhero", **Doctor Phoo**, who's lavie doubles up as a Time-Travelling Tardis, plus there's **Chicken Vindaloo**, **The Gents**, **King John**, **Spenda Penny** – are you getting the picture? All this at just 35 pee, go on, make it your no. 1 (or even no. 2!)

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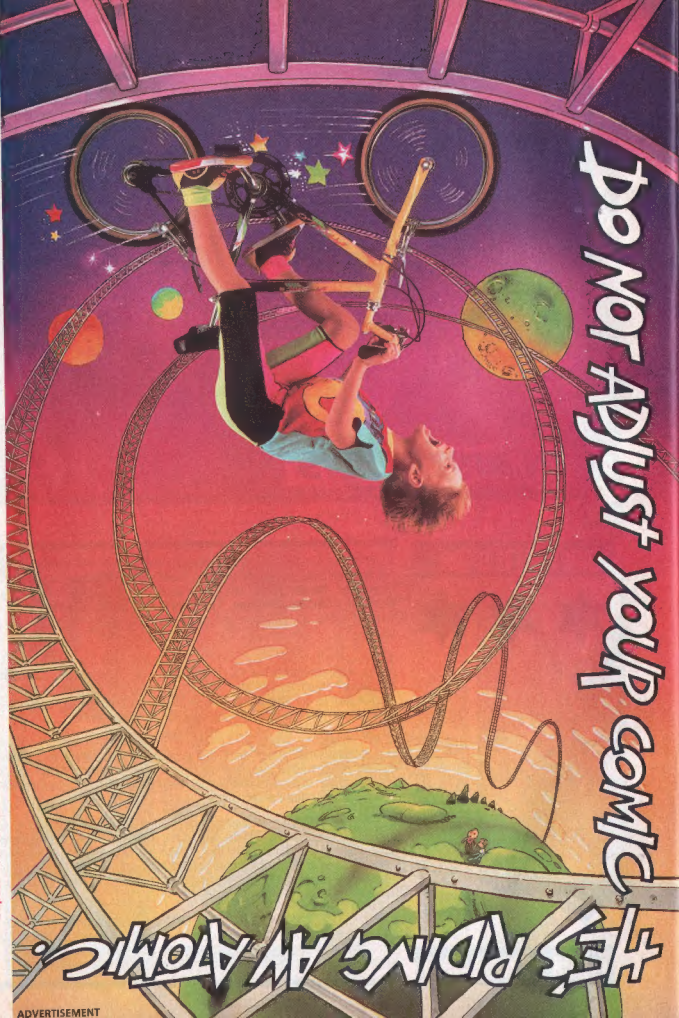


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